

REDEMOCAN PRAYER

Almighty and all-powerful Old-party Boss (it don't matter which one, for you are all alike): Once more upon bended knees, all spraddle-legged and flattened out, we come cross-eyed and whamper jawed to make our most humiliating manners before thy absquatulating greatness. Look down upon us, O mighty Boss, and behold how meek and humble we are. Take the toe of thy yaller shoe and kick us over and examine us from all sides and see that we are the genuine goods. We are thy foolish and faithful dupes, and there is no intelligence in us. It don't take any intelligence to be a good Redemocan, and that's what we are. Our only object in life is to vote as thou tellest us, and then we get what we do not want, because we voted for it.

O mighty Boss, we love to worship and serve thee almost as well as we love to drink bootleg booze. And even when thou drinkest the booze and lettest us smell of the bottle, we are as happy as dead pigs in the sunshine. Drink and serve—that's what tickles us; and the drunker we are the better we can serve thee.

O mighty Boss, thou knowest that there are no such words as Republican and Democrat in our vocabulary. We are full-blooded Redemocans and nothing else. Sometimes we vote one party ticket and sometimes another, but thou art boss of all the old-party tickets, and thy man gettest our votes just the same one way as the other. Two years ago we nearly all voted for Mister Hardtimes just for a change. But this year we wanted another change, and came very near getting it.

But thou knowest, O Boss (whichever Boss it happens to be) that we were voting for thee and thy gang all the time. Thou knowest no party lines. Whether thou art on one side or the other thou art always working in the interest of the plutes and grand rascals of high finance and rotten society. The different party names are only to fool us voters with. And, oh, how we do love to be fooled! We know that many of us are ragged and hungry and out of a job, but we don't know why, and we don't care. That ain't none of our business. Thou wilt look after that. Our business is to drink the campaign likker and vote the ticket, and trust thee for everything else. If the man we vote for gets elected it's all right, and if he gets beat it's all right just the same. Thou art still in the saddle and thy word is the law of the land. We humbly beseech thee to keep us as ignorant as hogs, and do not let us learn any sense.

Our Political Boss who art in control, Plutocrat be thy name; thy victory come, thy will be done in one party the same as in another. Give us this day our daily dram, and forgive us the price of it as we forgive those

who help us drink it. Lead us not into government ownership, but deliver us from a Workers' Party, for thine are the Congress, the Courts and the Special Privilege. Amen.

'BIG BIZ' GETS GOOD AGAIN

I see that another "big business and religion" organization has been started. This one is called the "Christian Business Man's Federation."

Let's see—

How many is that?

There was the "Men and Religion Forward Movement," daddied by J. P. Morgan several years ago. It lived about two years ago begat sons and daughters for the devil, and it died. Next was the "Interchurch World Movement," daddied by Rocky D. Oilyfeller, which was going to run religion on a strictly business basis like the Standard Oil Company, and make it pay cash dividends to swell the Oilyfeller fortune. Religion was to be entirely a matter of money, and whoever could muster the most cash would be the greatest leader in "religion."

Well, that bastard movement lived about two or three years and begat a big debt that Jawndee had to pay, and it died. It was not buried at once, but lay around and stunk till the buzzards finally had to eat it.

And now another one of the same breed has been "fotch forth" by old Mrs. Big Church, the popular and fashionable wife of old Mr. Big Biz.

They will soon have a regular graveyard full of their dead, defunct, denatured, demented, degenerated, decapitated, de-de-de-devilized bastard movements. Just watch.

If the Republican hen had layed a few more eggs maybe the Republican rooster would still have been able to crow. But it's too late now.

Scientists say that sleeping out of doors will make a person beautiful. At last! Now we know how to account for the hobo's charming appearance.

The dictionary will always tell you how to spell a word, but you must know how to spell it in the first place so you can find it in the dictionary.

It never pays to believe the same lie twice.

Now if them-thar Radio waves would just bring a hungry man something to eat.

I have come to the conclusion that about the best way to vote is to not vote at all.

Still another reason why we call this a "stable" government is because it is run mostly by mules.

What is the use to have any more conferences to see if they can disagree? They ought to know it by this time.

Mr. Monkey Again

The following article, which first appeared in the September issue of this paper, was in such great demand that all the extra copies of that issue were soon taken. The demand has continued until it has been found necessary to print the article again. So here it is:

LETTER FROM A MONKEY

Dear Mr. Editor:

Will you give space in your paper for a regular blue-blooded aristocratic monkey to say a few words? I see in the papers that you human folks have got up a terribly hot argument on the question of Evolution, and I want you all to understand that we monkeys are interested in that. When it comes to bringing such awful charges against our noble monkey race as some of your scientists have done, it is time for us to speak up and defend ourselves.

I see that a man by the name of Darwin has made the statement that all you forked things with shoes on can trace your ancestral line back to us monkeys. And according to the best information I can get, all your scholars of the present day accept the Darwin theory and they claim that the proof of it is too strong to be denied.

Being an educated monkey, I have studied Darwin and his followers pretty carefully myself, and I admit that they put up some very plausible arguments. Some of their statements are no doubt very convincing to the limited mentality of a mere human, but to the stronger intellect of a monkey they are as flimsy as cobwebs.

And now, Mr. Editor, with your kind permission, I will now proceed to give your readers a few monkey reasons why the Darwin theory cannot be true.

In the first place, monkeys are peaceable folks. We never invented gunpowder and submarines, poison gas and TNT. We have never had a great world war among us and butchered up and starved twenty million monkeys just to humor the whim of half a dozen monkey kaisers. We have got more sense than that. We hardly ever get sick if left alone. It is only when taken captive and kept in your human society that we pine away and die prematurely. Therefore we have no use for doctors and drug stores, hospitals and hot water bottles. We have never had a law suit over a line fence, and we don't need a great army of

monkey lawyers to protect our personal interests from other monkeys. We have got more sense than that. We don't drink corn likker nor smoke cigars, chew tobacco nor dip snuff. We have more self-respect than to touch those nasty things.

And then again—and this is one of my strongest points—we monkeys do not commit sin. We never have to be threatened with hell fire to keep us straight. We don't need the services of a million monkey preachers continually trying to drag us into heaven by the hair of the head. We are not afraid of any devil with horns and forked hoofs, and the hell that your preachers talk so much about has no terrors for us.

We monkeys don't have to make money in order to live. We don't have to sweat in old dirty factories nor sit humped up all day counting column after column of foolish figures on paper. We know how to get along and live our lives in peace without so much bother, and I'll bet five bushels of cocoanuts against your store teeth that we get more enjoyment out of life than you do.

Now you take all these evil things that I have mentioned—including sin and the fear of hell—and you will notice that they are confined to the human race exclusively. We monkeys are not bothered with them at all. If you men had half as much sense as we monkeys have got you surely could see that there is no blood relation between us. Our way of living is simple and satisfactory, while yours is very complicated and very unsatisfactory. The differences are much greater than the resemblances, and therefore any attempt to prove a common origin is bound to end in failure.

Now, Mr. Editor, if this isn't enough proof, and if your wise men are still unable to see the point, I will write again.

Yours truly,

CHIMPAN Z. MONKEY.

LATE AGAIN.

This issue is unavoidably late, on account of sickness and other troubles. I am doing the very best I can under the most awful adverse conditions that any poor editor ever had to struggle against. And most of you do not seem to care. You refused to help me get a linotype machine, which I so urgently need, and now whenever the paper is late it is your fault and not mine.

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON.